

CRADLE OF THE RACE.

ARMENIA THE OLDEST LAND IN THE WORLD.

A Country of Great Natural Resources, but Devastated by the Worthless Turk—May Yet Be Delivered from the Sultan's Rule.

Native Home of Man.

The bloody massacres perpetrated by the Turks and Kurds in the heart of Armenia served to call public attention to one of the oldest and most remarkable countries on the globe, a country once rich and populous and powerful, but, like every other land that has suffered the curse of Turkish rule, now desolate. There was a time when the Armenians numbered at least 25,000,000 population, but now it is estimated that not more than 5,000,000 remain in their native and well-beloved land, while 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 more are wanderers to and fro over the earth, sober, industrious, economical citizens of many lands and well-to-do in every country but their own. They would do well there also were it not for the Turks. The Ottoman Empire has proved itself in modern times, as the Persian in ancient, a national curse, a sore, an ulcer among nations; it has been said of the Persian State that of all the nations over which it gained control not one ever raised its head again, and the statement is almost literally true. Far more fortunate have been the States that have suffered the blight of Turkish rule. One by one they have risen in rebellion and have shaken off the Ottoman yoke.

name, the various tribes of savage kinds that occupy the eastern district, wandering back and forth at their pleasure, and, according as inclination or convenience may prompt, owing allegiance to either or neither government. According to the best authorities, the land of Armenia proper con-



A FRONTIER POST.

tains about 150,000 square miles, being thus a little more than twice the size of Missouri, and for the most part consists of a high tableland from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. Although within the tropics it is by no means a tropical country, having, on the contrary, a climate rather severe than mild, for during at least three months in the year, deep snows cover the wide plains that stretch from the head waters of the Euphrates to the

To do them justice, however, the Christians, so called, of Armenia, are not much better than their Turkish and Kurdish neighbors. They have been hardened and brutalized by ages of oppression and suffering; they regard the Turks as their natural enemies, and are just as ready to fight them, as the latter are to fight them. Unfortunately for the Christians, however, they are hopelessly in the minority, and so from time to time the world is shocked with these narratives of Turkish atrocity. In cold fact, there is very little choice between Christian and Moslem in that part of the world, and the swarms of wandering bandits sometimes consist of both Christians and Moslems, who rob both parties with strict impartiality.

The cities of Armenia are not very numerous nor very populous, neither are they very prosperous. The best among them are Kars, that has stood more than one historic siege from both Russians and Turks; Erivan, a fortress from Roman days, and the capital of one province; Erzeroum, which once boasted a population of 130,000, but now has hardly more than 40,000, if so many, the reason of the decline being the same as that for the depression in every other part of the country. Erzeroum, the seat of the Turkish Pasha who misgoverns the country, is well fortified after an Oriental fashion, having great massive walls that have been neglected until they are ready to fall down of their own accord, big wooden gates covered with plates of iron, closed every night at an hour after sundown, when belated travelers are supposed to be compelled to remain outside, which, in fact, however, they rarely do, but simply walk along the wall until they find a place where it has fallen down enough to enable them to climb over, and then enter and go about their business. Erzeroum was once a city of grand proportions and great commercial consequence, but its glory has departed. Situated as it is on the high road between Teheran and Mecca, the annual caravans of pilgrims from Persia, Afghanistan and India all pass through it, but in greatly diminished numbers from those of former years. The Indian pilgrims now go by steamer through the Red Sea, so do not a few from Beluchistan and Persia, and only a few from the interior now pass

filthy enough to breed a pestilence, and everywhere savage dogs go to and fro in troops, and fight with each other for the offal that is cast out of the doors and windows of every house into the street.

But there is hope for Armenia. A brave people like the natives of this historic land can not always be kept in subjection to a degenerate race of thieves and murderers like the Turks. The incompetence of the latter to govern anything has been so plainly shown for a century and a half that the world has ceased to expect anything from the Ottoman power. But for the half-crazy fear that the English display whenever anybody raises the cry of Russian wolf, Armenia would long ago have been delivered from the rule of the Turk. Twice in the present century has Russia been ready to occupy the whole province, and twice has the deliverance of Armenia been postponed by the trickery of British politics and diplomacy. It is true that in being placed in Russian territory the Armenians would merely exchange one master for another, but experience has shown that while the Czar is a hard master, he is more tolerant than the Sultan.

THE WRITING WOMAN.

A Delightful Comparative Study with the Writing Man.

When a man writes he wants pomp and circumstance and eternal space from which to draw. If he writes at home he needs a study or a library, and he wants the key lost and the key-hole pasted over so that nobody can disturb him. His finished products are of much importance to him, and, for a time, he wonders why the planets have not changed their orbits or the sunshine acquired a new brilliancy because he has written something by a cast-iron method.

A woman picks up some scraps of a copy book or the back of a pattern, sharpens her pencil with the scissors or gnaws the end sharper. She takes an old geography, tucks her foot under her, sucks her pencil periodically, and produces literature.

She can write with Genevieve pounding out her exercises on the piano, with Mary buzzing over her history lesson for to-morrow, Tommy teasing the baby, and the baby pulling the cat's tail. The domestic comes and goes for directions and supplies, but the course of true love runs on, the lovers woo and win, and the villain kills and dies, among the most commonplace surroundings.

A man's best efforts, falling short of genius, are apt to be stilted, but the woman who writes will often, with the stump of a pencil and amid the distractions above mentioned, produce a tender bit of a poem, a dramatic situation, or a page of description that, though critics rave, lives on, travels through the exchanges, and finds a place in the scrapbooks of the men and women who know a good thing when they see it, whether there is a well-known name signed to it or not.—Boston Advertiser.

Music and Science.

Sir Charles Lyell, that devout man of science, used to say that he liked music, for it allowed him to go on thinking his own thoughts. So it evidently did, for Frances Power Cobbe writes of him that, at a great musical party, he sat beside her and conversed thus in every interval in the music of Mendelssohn and Handel:

"Agassiz has made a discovery. I can't sleep for thinking of it. He finds traces of the glaciers in tropical America."

Here intervened a sacred song, but at the moment it was ended he began, as if he had not once taken his mind from the class of subjects he loved most:

"Well, as I was saying, you know 230,000 years ago the eccentricity of the earth's orbit was at one of its maximum periods, and we were 11,000,000 miles farther from the sun in winter, and the cold of those winters must have been intense, because heat varies, not according to direct ratio, but the squares of the distances."

"Well," said Miss Cobbe, "then the summers were as much hotter?"

Here came a sacred song, and with its last note Sir Charles began again: "No, the summers weren't. They couldn't have conquered the cold."

"Then you think the astronomical 230,000 years corresponded with the glacial period? Is that time enough for all the strata since?"

(Another selection from Handel.)

"I don't know. Perhaps we must go back still farther."

And so the strange medley of astronomy and music continued. It was easy to see which was Sir Charles' darling!—Youth's Companion.

Old Pledges.

At the Paris Mont de Piete, the official pawnbroking establishment, a wedding ring pawned in 1857 has just been redeemed. Only 17 francs was lent upon it originally, but the ticket was renewed thirty-six times, and the owner paid fifty francs in interest. Tickets are still renewed every year for a pair of cotton curtains pledged for 4 francs twenty-two years ago, and for an umbrella pawned in 1849.

Perpetual Celibacy.

It is believed that Jephthah's daughter was condemned, by her father's rash vow, to perpetual celibacy, because all the Jewish maidens hoped to be the honored mother of the Messiah.

BOLKER (meditatively)—My experience has taught me one curious thing. Blobs—Has eh? What is it? Bolker—That the closer a man is the harder it is to touch him.—Buffalo Courier.

ABOUT the most miserable man in the world is the one who is expected to laugh at a joke he has heard before.—Texas Siftings.

NEITHER side honors a partisan judge.

THE ISLAND OF CORFU.

Where It Was Hoped the Czar Might Regain His Health.

During the last sickness of the Czar one of the places where it was hoped he might recover his health was the Island of Corfu, one of the Ionian group, belonging to Greece. A magnificent palace was there offered to him by his brother-in-law, King George. The Czar, however, who knew that the end was near, declined the offer, preferring to die in his own land.

Corfu is the most northerly of the Ionian Islands and has an area of 227



THE ROYAL PALACE, CORFU.

square miles. The climate is dry and healthful and the valleys are very fertile. Many centuries before Christ Corfu was a leading maritime power and disputed supremacy with the Corinthians, by whom it was originally colonized. In 229 B. C. the island fell into the hands of the Romans and afterward belonged successively to the Eastern Empire, the Normans, Venetians, French and English. In 1864 it was ceded to Greece and has since been a monarchy of that kingdom.

There are numerous palaces on the island, several belonging to the King of Greece and one to the Empress of



"ACHILLEION," THE PALACE OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AT CORFU.

Austria. The capital of the island is beautifully situated on a promontory, and has a population of 20,000. It is the seat of a Catholic and a Latin bishop. Off this city a naval battle was fought 656 B. C., and this is said to be the first naval engagement on record.

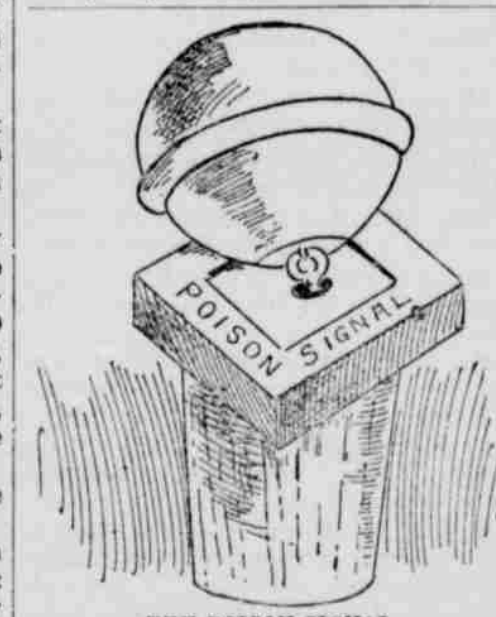
A POISON SIGNAL.

A Little Bell Fastened to the Bottle's Stopper.

A novel and simple device for the prevention of accidental poisoning is shown herewith, and it appears to very effectively answer the purpose for which it is intended.

It consists, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, of a bell so fastened to a capped cork that, if it is claimed, the bottle cannot be taken up, much less the cork removed, without producing a tinkle, just loud enough to warn the nurse, but not loud enough to disturb the patient. Obviously such a signal would be as effectual in the dark as in the daylight. A cord is attached to the bell with which it is tied to the neck of the bottle.

Those who know how many lives are lost yearly through accidental poison-



THE POISON SIGNAL.

ing will appreciate the value of this safeguard. It has been submitted, we are informed, to most of the coroners in the country, and most of them, besides expressing the fullest approval of it to the patentee, have publicly recommended its use.

Badly Fitting Stockings.

Seamless stockings are announced as a novelty in hosiery. The necessity that stockings should fit the foot comfortably, yet snugly, is not always appreciated as it should be. It is as harmful to wear a stocking too short as a shoe. On the other hand, a too loose stocking, which folds over, makes a painful footgear, and, it is asserted by some chiropodists, is one of the most fruitful causes of calloused spots. Mothers, too, often ignore the fact that stockings of different makes vary greatly in size, even in the same numbers. This applies to the instep measurements as well as to the length of the foot. It is a good plan to carry an old stocking when buying a fresh supply for the children. A little comparison will save the youngsters much discomfort and sometimes a lasting defect.

The Olive Tree.

The olive tree is supposed to have been originally a native of Greece, but it is now naturalized in the south of France, Italy, and Spain, where it has been extensively cultivated from time immemorial for the oil expressed from the fruit. The tree attains an almost incredible age. Near Femi, in the Vale of Marmora, is a plantation about two miles in extent of very old trees, supposed to be the same trees mentioned by Pliny as growing there in the first century of the Christian era.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson, and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

Lesson for Dec. 16.

Golden Text—"As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand."—Matt. 10: 7.

A few Sundays since we were studying a lesson in which were found strange injunctions as to offering the other cheek to the smiter, the other coat to the despoiler. We understood it better when we conceived rightly of the errand on which men were being sent. It was campaign work in the interest of the kingdom. These men were to suffer anything rather than to relinquish their soul-seeking aim or fail of their high endeavor for Christ. So here we are given strange instructions for Christian workers; no money, no letters of introduction, no provision for the journey. It is to be explained by the conditions of the sortie. We are given, as it were, war tactics and special rules and regulations for the skirmish line. Here, in a right sense, "the end justifies the means." In this lesson, which is found in Matt. 10: 5-16, the twelve are sent forth. "These twelve Jesus sent forth." From the Greek for sent forth comes our word apostle. Here the disciple becomes apostle. In the last verse of the chapter preceding there is a different word for sent forth in the original; namely, ekballo, to hurl forth. These men went forth with the force and precision of shot thrown from a cannon. He "commanded them." The word is used in the sense of instruction, direction. He advised them as to the best and wisest methods of procedure. It is the same word used at Mark 8: 4, where Christ "commanded the people to sit down on the ground" in order that they might be fed. There was nothing arbitrary about it.

"Lost sheep." No matter how far they wander they are still sheep. Let us keep this in mind in the days of dissipation and dispersion that are still upon Israel. "As ye go, preach." Literally, "Going, preach." Their very going was a strong preaching. Moody suggests that a man, walking eight blocks with a Bible under his arm, preaches a sermon a mile long. "Freely ye have received; freely give." Or, as it is sentimentally rendered, "As a gift ye have received, as a gift impart." They were to be like a fountain giving forth what was given them. Manifestly our gift measures our giving. If we have not the gift of healing we cannot give it forth. But God gives his stewards gifts in their season. Let us give according to the grace that is ours.

"Provide neither gold," etc. This is an age great for providing. We will not go unless the provision is large and sufficient. In general this is wise, and, on Christian grounds, commendable. But not if it interfere with express and legitimate work. The first query should be, What are the marching orders? Then proceed to make the equipment and furnishing as nearly adequate as possible. Speak peace everywhere, whether men accept or reject. Speak peaceably and live peaceably, at all odds, for his sake. Look up.

Hints and Illustrations. This sending forth of the twelve was of a special character, and was preliminary to the great world mission that came after the resurrection. This conception of it should largely modify our interpretation of its details. It is not the moral of all Christian endeavor, though it is for certain species of endeavor, e.g., the preparation of a community for revival effort, and doubtless its thought and spirit should enter into all the labor we perform in his name.

No scrip, no coat. No special credentials or furnishings; no particular regalia. How simple the equipment of Christ's messengers! It is the same in every age. Go just as you are, clothed only with wisdom and simplicity. They were recalled the other day, in connection with the noon-day prayer-meeting of one of our great cities, the stirring revival days of 1858, which gave genesis to these business men's gatherings. And how nakedly they started out! There was no special equipment. Just a company of earnest men who believe in God. The elements of their power abide through all changes the same; the word believed and the Spirit implored. These disciples went forth to ring the bell for the kingdom. The apostles are just starting out for their world-wide proclamation of the gospel, but as they do so they are looking back, over their shoulders, to get one last glimpse of the cross, fixing its outlines more indelibly on their memories. So go we preaching, still. Keep the cross in mind. "As ye go, preach." Preach "on the go," preach "on the wing." There is the accent of dispatch here. Things are to be done with expedition and promptness; "the King's business requireth haste." There is no dallying or delay. A moment the messenger appears and the message is heard, the next moment he is gone to carry the tidings elsewhere. "Let us go into the next town that I may preach there also." There is a place and time for the minister and ambassador. There is also a work for the swift, flying herald. The gospel is leaven, working; it is also an arrow, flying. Let the element of swiftness enter.

Next lesson—"The Prince of Peace." A Christmas Lesson. Isa. 9: 2, 7.

In Your Grandfather's Day.

THREE-FOURTHS of the books in every library came from beyond the Atlantic.

The number of toasts drunk at a banquet equaled the number of States in the Union.

The United States contained fewer people than now live in New York and its suburbs.

QUININE was unknown; when a man had ague fits he took Peruvian bark and whisky.

TWENTY days were required for a letter to go from New York to Charleston by land.

In most families no cooking was done on Sunday; a cold Sunday dinner was the rule.

ALL the population of a village assembled at the "fun on 'post day'" to hear the news.

THE only recognized method of imparting information was by the liberal use of the rod.

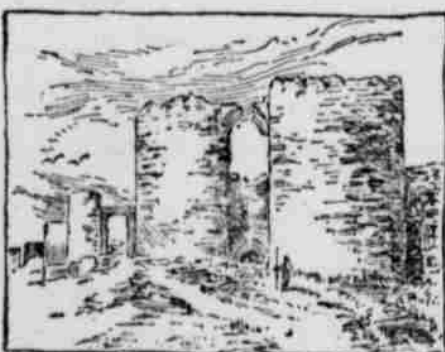
BEEF and pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year round.

THE women's dresses were puffed with hoops and stood out two or three feet on each side.



THE BASHI-BAZOOK.

Years of revolution and bloody war were sometimes required to secure the coveted freedom, and the march to liberty has been over thousands of bloody corpses of men, women and even of children, but by perseverance the cause was always won. Greece, Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Georgia, Circassia, the story of each is the same—a bloody rebellion, a long war, assistance from foreign powers, and then freedom. The unhappy land of Armenia is now going through the preliminary stages of the process of



A GATE OF ERZEROU.

acquiring independence, and there is no reason to doubt that in time, and, perhaps, in no very long time, the Armenians will be as free as the Greeks or Bulgarians are to-day.

It is a singular land, that in which the fight for liberty is now being waged under such fearful odds. It is a land so old in history that the earliest legends of the human race point to it as the first home of mankind, and so far do the sober facts of history confirm the wild fancies of legend that historian, scientist and myth-gatherer all unite in the belief that somewhere in the region now generally designated as Armenia, the human race first began that process of migration and development that has led to the peopling of every corner of the earth. The Garden of Paradise was in Armenia. Adam was an Armenian; so was Noah, for his ark rested on Ararat, where, according to popular tradition, it remains to this day, having been seen, or at least reported to be seen, by two or three different travelers. From Armenia began the dispersion of the nations, and all the legends of the early days point the finger back toward that singular land at the head waters of the Euphrates and Tigris as the home of every nation that preserved a memory of its own origin.

The limits of Armenia proper are by no means accurately determined, for at different times the country has been under many different governments, and even at present, it is divided between Turkey, Russia and Persia, and the boundary lines form a never-ceasing source of dispute between these three powers. The truth is that Armenia really has no boundaries worth the

Caspian Sea, and on the Ararat range the snow has never been known to melt. In spite of its altitude, however, the country has agricultural advantages of no mean order. The tablelands are not of uniform height, and on their various terraces the products of any country on the globe may be raised, from the dates of Arabia to the oats and barley of Norway. The country is otherwise wealthy besides, for there are mines of gold, silver and several other metals, while coal is abundant in many localities, and petroleum is found in a score of different places. Under even a passable form of government Armenia would be a singularly prosperous country, but the curse of Turkish misrule has blighted every hope of the inhabitants.

Industry is checked, for no one knows the amount of taxes that will be required of him; nor, indeed, can he be certain that after the products of his field have been garnered they will not all be eaten or carried off by bands of irregular Turkish troops, who will consider themselves singularly forebearing if they do not also take his life. Instances have been known of farmers who raised a hundred bushels of grain and saw eighty-five bushels carried off under the name of taxes, to feed a rapacious soldiery. Under such circumstances, the people have no incentive to industry, and so Armenia, like every other Turkish province, is gradually wasting away; the industrious and economical portion of the population are leaving as fast as they can, and this remarkable region will soon be desolate.

The inhabitants are not all Armenians; in fact, the Armenians now form only a small fraction of the population

through the once famous city that still presides over the destinies of the oldest land in the world. Like all other Oriental, and particularly Turkish, towns, Erzeroum presents from a distance an imposing appearance that is by no means confirmed on a nearer approach. From a few miles distance, nothing can be prettier than a Turkish town. The white walls glitter through the dark green foliage of the cypress trees that abound in the surrounding cemeteries, while the minarets and domes rise above the houses like points



A KURD SOLDIER.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF KARS.

In the country they once called their own. Turks, Kurds, Persians, Tartars, savage tribes akin to the races of hardy mountaineers that people the region

of vivid light. A nearer approach dispels the illusion. The marble walls are of whitewash, the minarets and domes are gaudy and flimsy, the streets are